

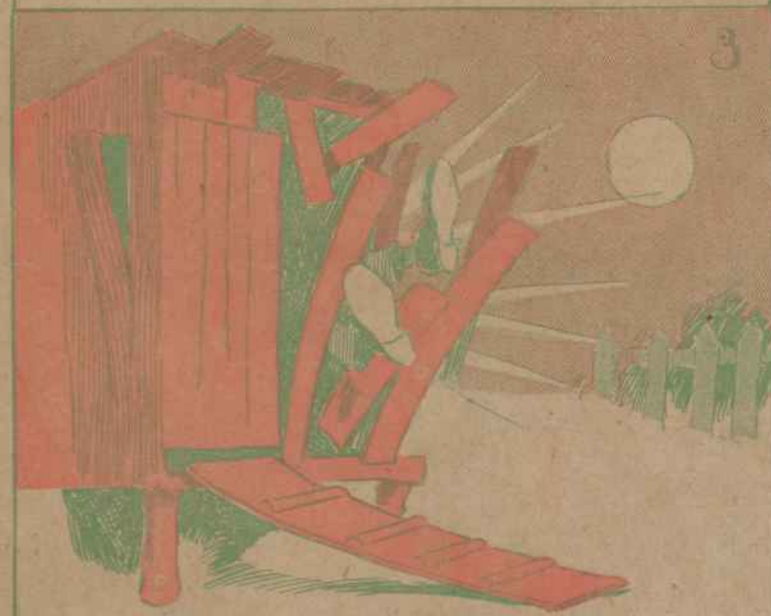
COL BLOOD PUTS THE AMERICAN BIRD ON GUARD



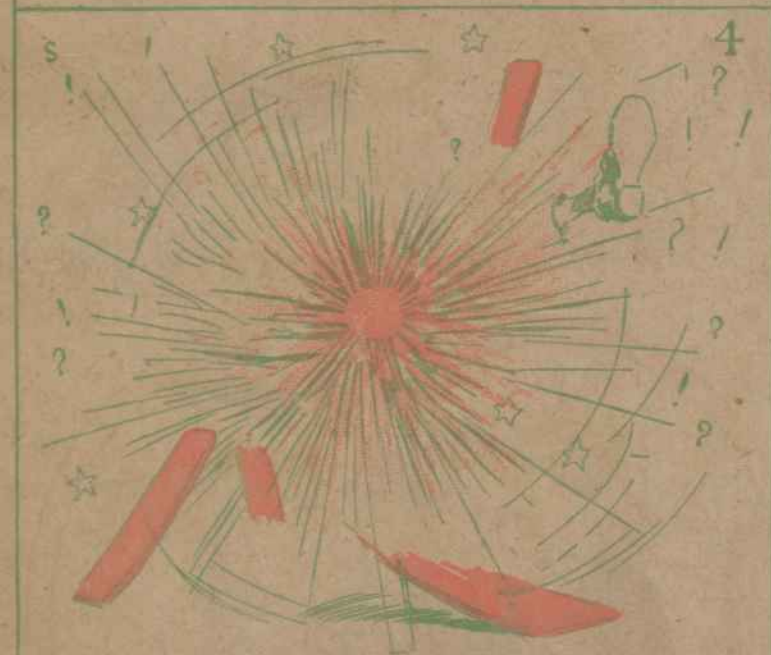
Colonel Blood puts the American Bird on guard.



"Turkey Sam" is looking for birds—



But not that kind

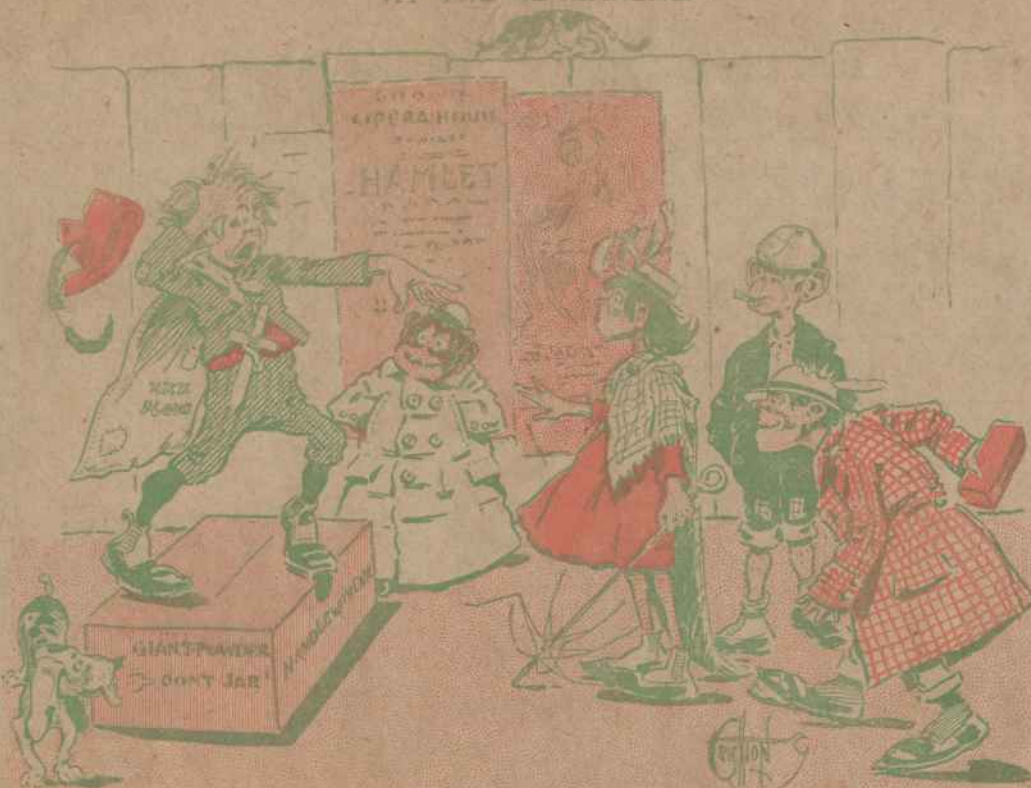


The eagle screams—and Samuel also.



The national post holds the fort.

AT THE REHEARSAL



HAMLET MCGINNIS (of the Dennis Alley Dramatic Company)—What is dis I sees before me?
SALLY HUMPER—De audience, ye fliot. What do ye tink ye sees?

Immortality

"At last!"
He clutched the volume rapturously.
"At last have I achieved a name that will live forever."
His eyes glistened upon the fair, printed page.
"A name that will be spoken wherever English is.
A name that in far distant ages will fall living from the lips of men. A name that will echo and re-echo until the earth clogs the last tongue."
His eager gaze devoured the title of the act of Assembly.

"AN ACT

Authorizing Johannes Schmidt to change his name to John Smith."

Pye Change.

INQUIRING TOURIST (In Oklahoma)—I suppose that, with the coming of Eastern people, the manners and customs of this region are gradually growing more like those of older and more conservative communities?

ALKALI IKE—Yes; frinstance, it has already got so that it haint no longer considered good form to propose to a widow at her husband's funeral, no matter how pretty she is.

A Hard Choice

MRS. GRIMM—Ephraim, which do you favor of those two young men who have been calling on Mary Ellen so often of late?

OLD GRIMM—There don't seem to be much choice between them. One of them appears to be capable of nothing, and the other looks capable of anything.

An Expressive Term.

TWYNN—Yes, he left a cool million dollars.
TRIPLETT—Why do you use the adjective "cool?"

TWYNN—To show that he did not take any of his money with him.

A Quick Deduction.

"This boat seems pretty cranky. Is she perfectly safe for two?"
"Married or single?"
"Married."
"Yep."

Forestalled.

FATHER (sternly)—Your recklessness must have a check.
SON—Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to ask you for one.

His Secret.

"John G. Tightwad!"
Her tones were full of bitter reproach.
"You are keeping something from me!"
"No, my dear, I am not!" The guilty husband poked his head out from under the coverlid. "Believe me, I!"
"But you are, sir!" persisted the woman whom he had sworn at the altar to love, cherish and protect. "I can find only thirty-seven cents in your trousers pockets."

A Hustler.

ROZENHEIMER—How did you come to get your gonsend to young Swartz's request for your daughter's hand? He has noddings.

OLD SWINDLEBAUM—Ven he aske for her undt I tells him she ish only a schoolgirl, he says "Yase, but I came early to avoid der rush." Vat could I do but gif her to a young yeller vat ish such a hustler ash dot?

Inside or Outside.

"Which do you suppose is the easiest death, to be suffocated, as firemen are, or to freeze, like the Arctic explorers?"

"I have been taught that there isn't much choice—from my experiences on the 'L'."

News for him.

MRS. CASHMAN—My daughter was speaking of you last night.

THE COUNT—Of me? It is too much honor.

MRS. CASHMAN—Yes. She wondered if you knew she is engaged.

She Did.

"My dear madam," said the Custom House inspectress, "you mustn't blame me. You!"
Here she smilingly pointed to a pile of table cloths, silks, kid gloves, etc.

"brought it all on yourself."

A Terrible Experience.

SMYTHE—Were you ever in a disastrous collision on the railroad?

BROWNE—Yes. I once kissed the wrong woman in a tunnel.

Had to Stop.

FRIEND—Writing much poetry now?
POET—No. My meter is gone. I couldn't pay my gas bill last month.

JUST AS GOOD.



"Have you ever been baptized, little girl?"

"No, sir. I've been vaccinated though."

MAGNETISM IN THE DARK CONTINENT



The savage points the magnet.



And the warrior presents arms.



Break away there!



Salute!



New style of mounted patrol.